

Uptown girl

by riversdaughter

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Summary: Based on Billy Joel's "Uptown girl" As that song actaully describes how I feel Mystarde really is. Each chapter will be based of a certain part of the song. The basic story line that Mycroft Being the High class, posh man he is begins to get bored of all the men pinng for him, he is tired of all the presents from the Uptown boys, now he's looking for a down town man, enter Greg

1. I be her mama never told her why

This chapter is based on the lyrics: "Uptown girl, she's been living in her uptown world world, I bet she never had a backstreet guy, I bet her mama never told her why"

* * *

><p>"I'm not lonely, Sherlock" Mycroft repeated in his head after his interaction with his brother that day, He wasn't. H e had plenty of men bidding for his attention.<p>

He thought back to his younger years and how his mother had talked of dating. Though Meghan Holmes was not overly protective few rules about who her son's dated as Mycroft recalled...

* * *

><p>"what is this about mummy?" Mycroft asked. his mother had called he and his brother into the living room, he had been doing homework in his room, while Sherlock had been in their stables feeding their horses -He trusted no one else to look after them-<p>

Both boys sat on the couch before looking up at their mother curiously.

"Now boys" she began "I don't care who you date Men, Women, both" she

looked at her youngest knowingly before continuing "As long as you don't date bellow your class"

she sat on the table in front of them "You are Holmes boy's, one of the the most upper class families in Britain. You should not and will not settle for anyone one else who isn't at least middle class"

Mycroft listened closely and nodded "yes mummy"

Sherlock rolled his eyes "yes mummy"

"my good boy's!" Meghan kissed their cheeks before leaving the room.

"Mummy's boy!" Sherlock sneered at his brother, Mycroft would do anything their mother asked without question.

"shut up Sherlock" Mycroft sighed.

"you'd still sit in her lap if you could" His brother chuckled

"I said shut up Sherlock" The elder Holmes began to blush, he had done exactly that last night while talking to his mother.

"don't you have horses to go feed?" he demanded.

"oh shit!" Sherlock ran back out of the house and Mycroft went back to his homework. Neither Holmes questioned their mother words.

2. she's getting tired of her uptown boys

based on the line: "You know I seen her in Uptown world, she's getting tired of her high class toys and all the presents from her uptown boys. She's got a choice"

* * *

><p>Greg Lestrade was normal working class man. He was single and lived alone, the only excitement he got was with the occasional one night stand and his job.<p>

Sometimes Sherlock would come in and make his world exciting again then he'd leave once the case was done, then Greg's life became boring again.

Greg was sat at his desk filling paper work when sherlock came in "inspector, I need your assistance"

Greg looked up "hello to you to Sherlock. Look I'm kind of busy, can't John help you?"

The youngest Holmes sighed "I would but he's away at a conference. Now hurry up Lestrade we have to go!"

Greg finally gave up and stood grabbing his coat "where are we going?" he asked following the raven haired genius from the room.

"we need to break in somewhere so I can get government level intelligence for a case"

Lestrade raised an eyebrow, he'd done stranger things.

* * *

><p>Once Sherlock had declared they had reached their destination Lestrade stopped his car and parked it.<p>

they both stepped out and Lestrade looked up to see an expensive looking house, he was definightly in the posh area of London, he'd only been here on cases.

"where are we Sherlock?" Greg asked as Sherlock picked the lock entering the house.

"My bother's house"

Greg stepped in "what would you like me to do?"

"Keep watch"

The D.I nodded as Sherlock wandered further into the house.

Greg looked around as he walked into the next room, it was clearly a living room.

he noticed a few small boxes. sherlock walked back in sneering at the sight "God mycroft is still getting all those gifts"

"what?" Greg asked turning on his heels confused

"There gifts from all men who want my brother" his face wrinkled in disgust at his own words.

"oh..got what you needed?"

"Indeed" Holmes nodded, he heard a door open and shoved Greg behind a wall along with himself. they both peered out, no one could see them from the hall but they could see out.

"Mycroft please give a chance" A tall dark haired man begged, he was wearing a black suit with a white shirt that could almost blind with a blood red tie.

"Glen, you will never have a chance" The elder Holmes sighed as he pushed the man towards the door.

"Mycroft, I could give you everything" he responded not wanting to take no as a answer.

"Goodbye, Glen" Mycroft rolled his eyes pushing the man out his front door then turning "I know you're there Sherlock"

Sherlock walked out "who was that? boyfriend number five?" he sneered.

"that was no one. now why are you here?" Mycroft asked rubbing his brow.

"Can't I drop in unannounced to see my big brother?"

"No you cannot" Mycroft held out his hand "detective inspector Lestrade"

Greg blinked as he was acknowledged "hello, sorry to break in. Sherlock never told me till he was inside" he shook Mycroft's hand.

Greg's hands were rough as to Mycroft's silky soft ones.

"No need to apologize this is Sherlock more polite ways of getting what he wants" Mycroft smiled.

Greg chuckled "we should get going" he began to usher Sherlock towards the door "Sorry to disturb you mister Holmes"

"it is fine Gregory really, call me Mycroft" Greg nodded and left driving Sherlock Holmes.

Greg spent the night thinking about Mycroft.

3. Now she's looking for a downtown man

Based on the line: "I'm gonna try for that uptown girl, she's been living in her white bread world, as long as anyone with hot blood can. Now she's looking for a downtown man. that's what I am"

(also ten points to anyone who gets the hidden joke about two English politicians)

side note: please re-frame from being rude, you can correct me without cursing or calling me an idiot. the small problem of the name has been changed. Also I am not american please don't call me one.

* * *

><p>Mycroft looked around his office out of boredom, there was nothing to do. he drummed his fingers on the desk.<p>

He turned on his laptop checking the surveillance in Lestrade's office. he made sure he was there before standing and shutting the laptop.

Mycroft decided to pay Greg a visit to properly thank him for the other night.

Mycroft called his car then proceeded to grab his umbrella, before walking down to his car.

The elder Holmes sighed as he noticed the texts on his phone.

[Mycroft, give _us_ a chance! we would be great together! -_Glen_]

[Hey Mycroft, fancy dinner next week? -_Nick_ x]

**[I had fun the other week, we should do it again! Did you you get the gifts I sent? -_Cameron_] **

Mycroft's face wrinkled in disgust as he read, couldn't they see he wasn't interested? or maybe they choose not to see it.

while Mycroft was extremely sick of being single, he didn't want any of those men, they were boring.

He needed something or someone different, He just didn't know what.

* * *

><p>Greg laid his head on his desk, he was tired and procrastinating from doing the paper work Sherlock had distracted him from last night.<p>

He hadn't slept much that night, Mycroft had constantly been on his mind, since he had met the man last night.

There was a small knock at the door. The D.I raised his head to see the man he had just been thinking of.

He sat up "Mister Holmes, what can I do for you?" Greg asked flattening down his shirt and smoothing down his hair.

Mycroft smiled inwardly at Greg's actions, he quickly ignored his reaction taking a seat.

"I came to say thank you for last night" The elder Holmes explained "And please do call me Mycroft" he chuckled.

"Oh. well you welcome, Mycroft" he grinned "actually Mycroft...well I was em well that was if you wanted to maybe go for dinner some night?" Greg asked awkwardly.

stiffened shocked, he had wanted to try something new. Maybe Gregory would be just that.

"okay" he agreed writing his phone number down. "call me, Gregory" he stood and began to walk from the office. This would be interesting

End
file.